

Katie the Bulky Gets Schooled: Chapter 2

By Yu May and DrKriege

After only five minutes of kneeling on the prickly shag carpet, Katie the Bulky's legs began to shake. Thanks to the clock she could make out through the window, Katie knew she still had another 55 whole minutes to serve in timeout. But worse than the clock was the wave of students, strolling past the office window, all getting a clear glimpse of Katie's burning red, tear-stained face as they made their way to class. Several paused and tried to crane their necks to get a peek of Katie's backside, before glancing nervously at the head tormentor and making their way to class.

Mr. Belial whistled as he returned to his desk, and started sorting paper clips. As the students finished making their way to class, and the tardy bell rang, Katie tried to breathe a sigh of relief, only to choke on the bar of soap stuffed fully into her mouth. As the clock ticked each passing second, Katie's mind screamed from the boredom, but as she tried to occupy her thoughts, the throbbing, scorching ache from her bottom screamed louder, demanding her full attention.

As Katie replayed the series of spankings she had gotten in her imagination, over and over again, she came to one burning conclusion. This was all Mr. Belial's fault. One day, she would get even. She would have her revenge! She repeated these words to herself, over and over, with each droning tick, tock, tick, tock.

Katie didn't even hear when Belial stood and approached her from behind. "Your hour is almost up! Usually, a student who is punished for a dress code violation is allowed to return to class as normal, before being allowed the opportunity to wear the correct uniform the next day. But since you don't actually have a proper uniform, I suppose we'll have to grant you some leniency, to avoid spending all day tomorrow spanking you for a repeat offense. So Mrs. Minos will escort you to the mall, to have you fit for a regulation uniform. Aren't you happy, Katie?"

Katie kept a stoney silence, before Belial clapped her right butt cheek. "I asked you a question, Miss Bolker. Aren't you thankful? Answer, yes sir, or no sir."

Katie almost swallowed the bar of soap. "Mnoooth..."

Belial answered with a clap to Katie's left buttock. "No, sir? In that case, would you prefer to be sent back to class, dressed just as you are?"

Katie felt a chill travel up and down her spine as she glanced down, and recalled she was wearing nothing but a t-shirt, a bra, and a single stocking. "Mmnnooth...thrrr..."

"Then be grateful that Mrs. Minos is going to take time out of her busy day to help you pick out a school uniform for tomorrow. Let's try again. Answer, yes sir, or no sir."

Katie almost gagged as she felt soap bubbles dribble down her throat. Why did he have to pretend like he was actually giving her a meaningful choice? “Yeeeth...thrrr...”

Belial used both hands to clap the sides of Katie’s buttocks, then bent low to whisper. “Don’t talk with your mouth full, Miss Bolker. Now stand up.”

As she staggered to her feet, Katie felt pins and needles and realized both her feet had fallen asleep long ago. Then her eyes popped open as she heard the bell ring.

She looked back and forth, looking for a path of escape, but as she twisted around, Mr. Belial held her firmly in place by her shoulders. “Hold on...we have to review your conduct, and sign a Standard Disciplinary Procedure form. Today you have been spanked for slamming my door, for using foul language, and for showing defiance during a punishment. Not to mention your dress code violation for your shoes, your stockings, your shorts, your knickers, your brassiere...”

Katie wobbled on her shaky feet, thrusting forward to reach the door as she heard doors opening behind her, as whole classrooms were released from their lectures. She twisted to look over her shoulder, then turned to look at Belial with pleading eyes, nodding.

Without a hint of remorse, Belial hugged her tight, and scooped a wooden hairbrush up from his desk, raising it high. “Oh...silly me! I forgot to spank you for your unapproved t-shirt. ‘Yuck Fou’? I suppose you thought that was terribly clever.”

With that, Belial reached around to deliver a crisp pop to Katie’s right buttock. She seethed past the soap bar, dancing in place, and found her tremendous weight easily supported by Belial. “That’s one. No need to count this time. But do try to hold still. Imagine how silly you look.”

Katie could make out the murmurs as the entire crowd of students paused to gawk at her through the window, before the second stroke of the hairbrush drove all thoughts of embarrassment far from her mind. Unable to stand on her own two feet, Katie clung to the only thing available for support: Belial himself. By the sixth stroke, Katie had been reduced to fresh tears, wanting only to vanish into a black hole, rather than endure another moment.

Forgetting where she was, Katie hugged Belial tightly, silently wishing for her Mumma and Poppa to come and save her, kiss her on the forehead, and tell her everything was going to be all right. Then Belial straightened her up roughly. “None of that. It’s my job to punish you, not mollycoddle you. Now, we still haven’t finished your spankings for damaging school property, and for repeated use of obscene language after your first warning, but I’m quite tired of spanking you for today. You were right after all! So sign your name here, and we will pick up where we left off...tomorrow. I expect to see you in my office first thing in the morning, half an hour before first bell. Don’t be late.”

Katie blinked back tears as she saw Belial slap a form on the table before her, and drop a pen in front of her with a look of boredom. Choking back soap, Katie started to hiccup as she quickly signed and printed her name in a shaky hand.

The moment Katie wrote the date, Belial pulled the soap from her mouth with a pop. "No time to waste. You've already wracked up two unexcused absences on your first school day."

Katie glanced at her abandoned shorts, panties, and shoes. "Huh? But I'm half naked!"

"Actually, it's closer to 75% naked, if you don't pull that shirt down a bit."

As Belial opened the door, Katie spotted Mrs. Minos right where she'd left her, sitting at her desk. Mrs. Minos blinked, her eyes looking strangely alien behind her thick spectacles.

Belial patted Katie's behind to shoo her out of his office. "Mrs. Minos, please escort Miss Bolker to the Strip Mall. She will need a full uniform. If she gives you any trouble, you have full discretion to administer on-the-spot discipline. Of course, for every class period she misses, she'll have to be spanked for at the end of the week. But take as long as you need, provided you get her back in time for the House Pledging Ceremony."

Mrs. Minos clicked her long, lacquered green fingernails together, then seized Katie by the wrist. "Yes Head Tormentor. Come along, girl."

Katie stammered as she tried to hold the front of her shirt down. "But—but—but—"

Minos reached up to clap Katie's exposed backside. "I haven't got all day. And if you dally over long, we will miss the bus. I suppose that, along with neglecting your uniform, you also must have failed to purchase your required text books? No, don't bother answering, it's plain as the look on your face. I'll have to pick up those for you, as well. Ordinarily, I'd just let you suffer the consequences, but your academic performance impacts our Anti-Christmas Bonus."

Katie stiffened, releasing her hold on her shirt to cover her bottom with her only free hand, before Minos pulled her forward sharply by the wrist, and pinched Katie by the ear. At seven feet tall, Katie was forced to bend over double as she was tugged along by the diminutive secretary. Minos' high heels clicked and clacked with each step.

Katie squeaked, and forgetting all about her modesty, clutched at Minos' gnarled wrist, desperate to relieve the pressure on her ear. But the old lady seemed completely oblivious to Katie's ponderous muscle power. When Katie heard sniggers of laughter, she quickly pulled down the front of her shirt again, blushing madly. "Oh, please! Let me wear my shorts!"

"Nonsense. They're not appropriate attire for school. You just got spanked for wearing them! You don't want another, do you?"

Katie tried to shake her head, wincing as she felt her ear held fast. "No! No more spanking!"

As Katie quickly switched her grip on her shirt to try and cover her exposed bottom, Minos only shook her head. "Don't be absurd! *Of course* there will be more spanking coming. We have traditions to uphold! But at least Mr. Belial has made a lasting first impression. Feh, don't fuss so much about your bottom. Bad girls have those put on display all the time at Hell High."

Nevertheless, as Minos led her to the bus stop, Katie kept trying to cover herself with her shirt, only for it to ride up to expose either her front or her backside with each tug. On the bus, Katie quickly sat on the sticky, multicolored seats. She was so grateful for a chance to hide her butt, she willed herself to ignore the stabbing pain. But as Katie heard a group of boys sniggering at the sight of her, she scrunched her face. "Mrs. Minos... if you'd just let go of my ear, I could cover myself better...you don't want Hell High getting a bad rap, do you?"

Minos's old bones creaked as she turned her head. "My dear, Hell High couldn't possibly get a worse reputation. It's full of students of the lowest moral fiber. Showing how soundly we discipline miscreants like you will only improve our image. Besides, I am sure you have flaunted that bottom before."

Katie felt her ears burning, before Minos pinched her by the ear again and led her off the bus. Katie caterwauled. "Yow! Well, how would you like it if I spanked you?"

Minos froze, then twisted Katie's ear to drag her head a bit lower. With Katie bent over double, they were now at eye level. "Are you threatening me Miss Bolker? That sort of attitude will get you spanked!"

Katie forced herself to keep a stiff upper lip. Surely, if Katie was destined to rise to the top of the dominance hierarchy, she should be able to handle this Hobbit-sized secretary. "It's not a threat! It's a promise! You'll see! By the end of first term, I'll be ruling over Hell High with an iron fist!"

Katie tried to straighten up, to no avail.

Minos raised an eyebrow. "Nice try, but according to the school rules, an implicit threat is still treated as a threat to a teacher. Forgot one item of clothing."

As Minos released her grip on Katie's ear, the old lady grabbed the hem of the young woman's t-shirt, and pulled it toward her in a single clean motion. As Katie instinctively stood up, the effect was to help pull herself free of her own, prized, punk-rock t-shirt. Katie glanced down, and discovered she was wearing nothing but a single thigh-high stocking, and her bra. Each cup of her bra was decorated with the all-seeing-eye symbol of Lord Sauron, as imagined by Professor J.R.R. Tolkien, to whom we owe our deepest apologies.

Then Minos snapped her fingers, and Katie's bra vanished with a puff of smoke and sulfur.

Katie heard the sounds of sniggering and whistling, and glanced around the expansive parking lot. She saw a crowd of onlookers pointing, elderly couples clucking their tongues, and a group of adolescents whispering furiously and pulling out their smart phones.

Immediately, Katie covered her floppy breasts. "Oy! What's the big idea?"

Minos shrugged, and held up the shirt. "This seems the most expedient way to get you into the store in a hurry."

With a snarl, Katie grabbed at the shirt and pulled with all her might, digging her bare heels into the asphalt. Though Minos possessed less than one-fourth of Katie's body mass, the old lady remained unmoved by the game of tug-of-war, until Katie's shirt ripped cleanly in two.

Holding up the meager scrap of cloth, which was all that remained of her favorite shirt, Katie groaned and made a dash for the department store, covering herself as best she could.

Tossing the other half of the shirt in the bin, Minos followed Katie at an unhurried pace, making sure to keep Katie's plump, red bottom in view. It was hard to miss, as the crowd parted in wonder, all eyes fixed on the sight. Katie dashed to the outlet for the clothing store, dubbed "Uni-formally." At the front of the store, a poster depicted a fat, grumpy-looking cartoon cat wearing a formal three piece suit, with a speech balloon proclaiming, "It It Fits I Sits™!"

A red-headed, college-aged retail clerk started to greet Katie, before doing a double take. "Welcome to Uniformally! How can I serve you...today?"

As the clerk gawked at her, Katie spotted a dressing room and dove into it.

Quickly, Katie wrapped the curtain around herself like a make-shift toga.

Katie scowled as she waited for Minos to catch up, then she barked. "All right! You win! Just hand me the bloody uniform and I'll put it on!"

Minos shook her head as she strode into the store. "Not with an attitude like that. You do not give orders, girl. Also, you have no uniform to put on, for the obvious reason that it hasn't been made for you yet. Now step out here, so this assistant can properly measure you."

With a snap of her arm, Minos gestured to the clerk, who was barely containing her amused expression. A crowd gathered to stand outside of the store window.

Katie tried to tip toe out of the dressing room, still holding the drapes over her nude form. "Just get it over with! People are staring!"

Frowning, Minos grabbed Katie's arm and yanked her free from the curtain. "Well, they are going to get an eyeful of this!"

Minos spotted a sign that read, "The Uni-Formally Tailoring Centre! For When You Need To Measure Something Out!™" hanging above a wooden stool.

Minos sat her dainty frame down on the stool and easily bent Katie over her bony knee, hooking Katie's huge thighs between her twig-like legs to pin the powerful young woman in place. Thanks to the stool's low height, Katie's knees and chest easily reached the floor. Katie slammed her fists and feet against the floor, kicking over a display sign behind her and shoving over a line of mannequins like dominos in front of her, but Minos didn't seem to notice.

Katie heard gasps and roars of laughter, before the first spank cut through the noise like a thunder clap.

As she felt the welts, bruises, and blisters from her earlier discipline session all start to flare up, Katie's voice warbled. "Nooo! I'll be good! I'll be a good girl!"

Minos landed a resounding smack, and raised her hand, nodding slowly. "I know you will Katie, because you are about to see what happens when you aren't."

Her small hand lands a series of stinging slaps to Katie's already tender behind with all the force and focus of a bullet striking its target. The blows didn't hurt nearly as much as anything Belial had done to Katie, but they still smarted plenty, and the fresh heat seemed to penetrate deep into the meat of Katie's ample behind.

A lady in the crowd tittered. "It must be a publicity stunt."

A man shook his head, holding up his phone as he recorded every second with his camera's slow motion setting. "Who cares? Looks real enough to me! I might have to shop here myself!"

Katie pressed her lips tightly together, only to feel Minos' frail hand land like a heavy wooden paddle, with such dizzying force, it was beyond the realm of physical possibility.

Minos rained down a dozen whacks on Katie's behind, determined to make her charge beg, and squirm, and buck, and cry in public. After another set of twelve spanks, Minos had already achieved her objective, but for good measure, she landed a thirteenth spank anyway. "There, that's an even baker's dozen! Are we going to have any more nonsense, or are you going to let this young lady do her job?"

Gasping, Katie struggled to stop bawling long enough to speak. "No! No more nonsense! Baaaaw-haaaaw!"

The red-headed clerk snickered as she held up her phone camera, enraptured by her own recording. Minos cleared her throat, and gave the clerk a stern look. The clerk gulped, and put

the phone away, understanding the unspoken message all too well: *"Put the phone away unless you want some of this too."*

Minos patted Katie's bottom, stroking it softly until Katie's cries died down to soft whimpers. "Good. Now, up you get Katie, and let this young lady measure you."

As Katie stood, she nodded furiously, her bare chest heaving as she took shaky, rasping breaths. The red-headed clerk pulled out measuring tape, and circled to face Katie. "Thank you, Miss! Stand up straight, and spread out your arms, please. This will only take a few minutes."

Blinking back tears, Katie spotted the crowd, and realized the clerk had deliberately posed her to show off her bare breasts to the watching audience. Katie whinged, and shut her eyes tight, trying to block out the crowd. But the sounds of their jeers and laughter, and the clicks of their camera shutters, were inescapable.

When the clerk measured Katie's waist and legs, she made a point of spinning Katie around, so that her buttocks were now presented fully in view. The clerk sighed, with mock disappointment, but her smile revealed a deep sense of contentment. "My, my. I'm not sure we carry standard sizes that could fit these...magnificent hips. I'm almost envious...Katie 'the Bulky' Bolker."

Katie glanced down, and half-remembered a forgotten memory. "Do...do I know you?"

In answer, the red-headed clerk whipped her measuring tape across Katie's behind with a soft snap. Ordinarily, it wouldn't have hurt at all, but Katie's bottom was particularly tender at the moment. Then the clerk reached around Katie's waist to catch the end of the measuring tape, and used it to lift up the puppy-fat of Katie's lower butt cheeks, oh so slightly, to expose the purple, mottled bruises hidden beneath. "You've forgotten me? I'm offended, Katie. I could never forget you."

Then the clerk snapped the measuring tape like a whip, yanking it across Katie's sore sit spots. The clerk turned to Minos. "I'm sure we have knickers for her. They might be a bit 'dated' fashion-wise."

The clerk fetched a pair of blue bloomers, with white frills, that looked like they were relics from one of Sir Winston Churchill's terms as Prime Minister. "These are the single largest size we have. Would you like to test them to see if they fit, miss?"

Katie pounced to snatch the granny panties, and pulled them on. Katie hissed as she felt them snap into place, and only when she looked down did she notice how snugly they fit. The frilly hem didn't quite cover the top of her reddened behind. Worse, they dug into her butt crack, and as she glanced back, Katie saw that she might as well be wearing a thong. As Katie glanced back, she saw the clerk's mouth twitch as she suppressed a smile.

"Let's get a blouse on you. You'll have to tie it at the back to provide some...support."

Katie sighed with relief as she pulled the blouse over her shoulders. But as the clerk fastened the buttons tight at the back, Katie realized that the neckline did little to contain her cleavage at the front.

Katie sucked in her gut, desperately hoping the buttons wouldn't burst at the seams, grateful for any covering she could get.

The clerk hummed sweetly as she flipped through a pile of skirts, shaking her head as she examined the tags. "I'm sorry, I forgot your leg measurements. Stand with your feet apart. Yes, just like that...Now, kneel for me!"

As Katie kneeled, something clicked in her mind. She vividly remembered ordering the red-headed clerk to kneel to kiss her boots, if she didn't want another spanking. "Rosie-Ass? Is that you?" Katie whispered to herself.

The red-head looked up, her face a mix of rage and terror. "My name is Rose, actually. I think you're the only one with the rosey ass, ma'am!" Rose gently patted Katie's butt as she added the last comment.

Katie puckered her lips as she realized what she had just said aloud. Of course! Back in secondary school, after the red-head had kissed Katie's boots, Katie had spanked her anyway. "*Wow! You hate spankings that much? Thanks for letting me know!*" Katie had said at the time, before baring the red-headed dork's skinny ass. Along with Lil' Miss Spanky Pants, Rosie-Ass had been one of Katie's favorite regular victims.

Rose held up a series of clothing options. "Would you like stockings, pulling, or socks?"

Katie glanced at Minos. "Er...which of those are permitted in the dress code?"

"Any of them, Katie. At the student's option. You are a good girl for asking. Clearly, spanking is an effective method of deterring you, when you aren't being a good girl."

Katie pouted, before pointing at the pullings. "...In that case, I want the pull-ups, pwease."

A young couple with an infant cooed as they overheard. "Aw! She's lisping!" said the mother.

Katie winced as she heard her own voice. After her parents had put her in nappies to represent how they were, "Starting over with a clean slate," Katie had accidentally started regressing any time a spanking was fresh in her memory...even after she was finally allowed to wear her favorite teenage outfits again, starting last week.

Minos stood and straightened her skirt. "I'm going to take lunch. If I have time, I'll pick up the books our errant student needs for classes today. Miss Rosie, I'm leaving you in charge. You

have my permission to spank Katie if that's what it takes to keep her butt in line. I will return for you soon, Miss Bolker."

As Minos smiled, Katie thought she saw a bright flash of yellow light. As she looked more closely, Katie trembled. "...*Probably just another camera flash,*" she thought.

After Katie's long ordeal, all of the fight had been spanked out of her. She meekly allowed herself to be dressed. But as she spotted Rosie smirking, Katie scowled. "Oh, Piss off, it's not like I haven't seen your bare spanked arse plenty of times before."

Rose's smirk vanished. "Stop twitching. Oh, look what you've done! You've ripped these pullings." Then Rose yanked the pullings up with such force, they tore.

As Katie's temper flared, she tried to seize Rose, only to feel a strange, Hellish force holding her in place. Then Katie remembered Minos' ominous words, and the binding magic of the contract she had signed when she accidentally accepted her acceptance letter to Hell High.

A moment later, Rose ran her nails down Katie's other leg, ruining the thin fabric. "And now you've gone and torn these as well. Very naughty! I'll have to tell Ms Minos how bad you've been."

As Katie felt the Hellfire holding her in place, she recognized something about the scent: it was Mrs. Minos' foul perfume. Katie knew she had to obey whatever Mrs. Minos said. But unfortunately for Rose, she wasn't part of the staff of Hell High, and Mrs. Minos' orders had been fairly vague. Ignoring the compulsion, Katie grabbed Rose by the collar of her shirt. "You shrimpy skank! You did that on purpose! Oooh, I've had it!"

Rosie squeaked as she suddenly remembered how Katie towered over her. "But the lady said—"

Failing to notice the pin cushion resting on the wooden stool, Katie sat herself down, only to leap up, roaring with fresh agony. The crowd likewise roared with fresh laughter, before Katie kicked over the stool. Wrapping an arm around the clerk's waist, Katie easily picked the girl up and pinned her against her side, leaving her free to spank Rose's upturned bottom.

As Rose kicked her feet, Katie guffawed with laughter. "Aw, just like old times! How could I ever forget? 'Rosie by name, Rosie by nature!' It's too bad I've been too busy to keep my promise, and keep your bottom a nice, rose pink color at all times! Starting ever since you first switched over in Year 10!"

Katie snatched up a booklet of square color swatches. "Say! Remember the good old days? When I used to bare your bottom regularly to check its color? And if it wasn't pink enough...Ka-pow! It was right back over Katie the Bulky's knee for Rosie-Assed Rose! Man, those were two of the best years of my life!"

As Katie the Bulky delivered sharp slaps across Rosie-Ass's backside, she finally started to feel like her old self again.

Unfortunately for Rose, her shop's uniform was a thin cotton dress, with a relatively short skirt. It offered little protection, even before Katie easily lifted Rose's skirt up. "I'll make sure you never forget who gave you your new name!"

Rose was wearing thin cotton panties, decorated by a pattern of strawberries.

"No wait, you can't...." Rosie began.

Laughing with triumph, Katie the Bulky began to spank with all her might, ignoring Rosie-Ass's howls. For a moment, Katie is so jubilant...she forgot that she was still a student at Hell High. "That's right! When you need an ass kicked, call Katie the Bulky!"

With that, Katie the Bulky tugged down Rose's panties. Sure enough, Rosie-Ass Rose's ass was a lovely, rose-pink color, to match her name. But with all of Katie's pent-up fury, it didn't take long before Rosie's ass was tanned to an angry, strawberry-red color, to match her panties.

As all the terror of her teenage years came flooding back, Rosie-Ass started sobbing. "Stop, Katie please. Stop. Yow! Your teacher—you have to—said—was—Aaaaaah—I was in charge...."

Suddenly, there was another bright flash of yellow, and a faint whiff of brimstone. Rose wailed for a few more moments, before she noticed that Katie's blows only felt like weak, limp-wristed love taps. As Rose twisted to look around, she instantly broke Katie's former iron-hold on her waist. Rose leapt to her feet, rubbing her ass furiously, and scowling down at Katie. Only then did they both notice that Katie was now shorter than Rose.

Standing at about four feet tall, Katie examined her tiny hands and slender frame. "Huh? What's wrong with my hands?"

As Katie heard her own high-pitched voice, she clutched her throat. "What's wrong with my voice? I sound like one of those bloody chipmunks!"

Rose was shocked, but not enough to let this opportunity pass by. Quickly she tugged her own panties up, then grabbed Katie by the ear.

"You've been very naughty, Katie (the-not-so-Bulky-anymore) Bolker! And you know what happens to naughty little girls? They get spankings!"

Rose picked up the stool Katie had knocked over, then hoisted Katie into the air, before settling onto the stool and positioning Katie across her lap for a spanking. "I'm going to enjoy this," whispered Rose.

Katie kicked and squirmed across Rosie's lap, her voice suddenly immature. "No! No spankin's!"

"Oh, yes Katie, there is going to be a lot of spanking. You've had this coming a long, long time."

And with that...

SMACK!

Rosie delivered a firm, open-palmed slap across the seat of Katie's old-fashioned bloomers.

And then another. And another.....

Katie howled as she realized her predicament, and quickly melted into childish tears.

"Waaaaah!"

Rose sighed with mock sympathy. "Oh, Katie, does that hurt your little bottom? Good!"

After planting a few more smacks, Rose paused to examine the old-fashioned undergarments.

"Hey, you know what I almost forgot, Katie?"

To answer her own question, Rose grabbed the top of Katie's knickers to tug them down. But Rose was not a particularly experienced spanker, and struggled to pull them all the way below Katie's already-weather-beaten bottom. Katie kicked her legs so wildly, the bloomers caught just below her hips, and she almost bucked free from Rose's grip.

"Noooo! Not that! Not bare bum!"

"Awww. But it stings so much more on the bare bottom..."

Rose planted a crisp smack. "...dosen't it, Katie? Not to mention how embarrassing it is."

As Katie writhed and bounced in place, Rose seized her opportunity to yank the bloomers off entirely, exposing Katie's bare bottom to the delighted crowd.

As Katie howled with misery, the crowd howled with laughter. Digging her fingers into her messy hair, Katie pummeled her skull, melting down into incoherent sobs, before the spanking made her cries more desperate.

Rose was lost in the moment, enjoying the thrill of tormenting her bully. But at length, Ros pulled herself together, and affected a maternal voice. "Are you going to behave yourself, Katie? Or do you need more spanking?"

Between snuffles and gasps, Katie managed to scream. "Yes! Yes, yes, yeeesss!!"

Rose spanked Katie twice, soundly. "Yes, you need more spanking?"

Katie shook her head, her long bangs flying wildly. "No! No spank! I'll behave!"

"Good. Then, up you get." Rose added one last swat for good measure, before standing Katie back on her feet. As Rose clapped her hands, she did a double take, and examined Katie's hips again. Sure enough, they were as big as she remembered them being during their measurement. "Hmmm, that is odd. Well, there's nothing else for it. I'll have to sew together two skirts to fit that massive ass of yours."

Katie performed the war-dance of the soundly spanked, before noticing the change in her height and her bare bottom. Quickly she yanked up her school-approved bloomers.

As Katie crossed her arms and pouted, she looked, and indeed was, just as butt-hurt as she could possibly be. "Fine! Do whatever!"

Rosie hummed a song from Cinderella as she cut the two skirts along the hem, then wrapped them around Katie's hips. "Keep still."

Then Rose jabbed a pin into Katie's oh-so-tender behind.

As she felt the prick, Katie was sure she heard a little "Ploink!", then she jumped stiffly into the air, howling.

Rose looked up, coyly. "Oh, so sorry, did I catch you with a pin?"

Katie scowled and clutched her bottom. "You did that on purpose! Do you want another spank..."

As she felt herself starting to shrink again, Katie trailed off before finishing the word "spanking." Then, she meekly turned around and bent over, resting her hands on her knees. "...Uh, don't worry about it. Please finish your work. Don't mind me!"

Rose rubbed her eyes, and sure enough, Katie was just as big and ponderous as she always was. With a shrug, Rose set to work. It took six pins to hold Katie's skirt in place, and wouldn't you know it, every single one seemed to catch Katie's buttocks.

With the memory of the spanking still fresh in her mind, Katie grunted and squeaked as she endured the pricks, desperately trying to stand still.

Rose shook her head as she examined her work. "Well, I suppose this will be wide enough to accommodate your...unique build. Not much we can do to compensate for your height. You're going to be showing off a lot of thigh still. Hopefully that's within your dress code, because if it isn't, we don't accept returns, or alterations! I'll have that back now!"

Katie groaned as she watched Rose working at her sewing machine. When the skirt was complete, Katie examined her completed school uniform. With laddered stockings, a visible gap between the top her pull-up stockings and the bottom of her Bride-of-Frankenstein-esque miniskirt, and her heaving breasts straining to break free of her blouse, Katie couldn't help but wonder if the rule book she hadn't read touched on any of these particulars.

Just then, Mrs. Minos returned. "Ah! Such a wonderful lunch. Thank you for your help, young lady. Did Katie give you any trouble?"

Rose turned to look at Katie, a wicked smile crossing her face.

Katie shook her head, holding up her hands as if in prayer. "No! Puhleeze—I'll never—neva' do bad things again!"

The world seemed to go dark as it narrowed to just the two of them. Kate was sure she could read Rose's mind. *"You bared my bottom in the halls nearly every day for two years, and spanked me at least once a week, just because my name was Rosie."*

Katie paled as she remembered the truth of it. She remembered being the terrifying bully. What was strange is, she didn't know what's worse: knowing she was exactly the kind of person she hated back then, or knowing that she was about to get exactly what was coming to her now.

But even at that moment, Katie the Bulky wasn't repentant. She wasn't sad because she wanted to stop being a bully. She was sad because she still wanted to be a bully, but couldn't bully Rosie-Ass anymore.

Then, the world snapped back into focus around them.

Rose sighed. "I'm sorry, Ma'am, but she was a total nightmare. Complaining and yammering the whole time. Even threatened me once."

Minos gives Katie a stern look. "That sort of behaviour is not to be tolerated, young lady. I'll be reporting you to the Head Tormentor as soon as we return to campus. Here are your books. Lucky for you, I had time to scrounge them up. I will inform your parents of your forgetfulness, and advise them to take the cost out of your pocket money."

Minos swung the heavy shopping bag at Katie's belly, winding her. As Katie doubled over to catch her breath, Minos took her opportunity to pinch her by the ear and hurry her along. "Just you wait until the Head Tormentor hears what you've been up to, after all the work he put in. I wouldn't be surprised if he makes an example of you at the Orientation Ceremony, in front of the entire student body. In fact, I should hope he does!"

Knowing exactly what that meant, Katie couldn't even speak. She only sniveled and broke down sobbing, thinking how stupid she looked in the sort of "prissy uniform" she once mocked.

As they waited for the bus, Minos continued grumbling to herself. Katie tried to offer apologies and promises, none of which she really meant, before the bus finally arrived. Minos shushed her, and dragged her onto the bus.

Minos shook her head, and sat Katie on her lap, so that Katie was seated awkwardly in chest-to-chest position against the tiny old woman. As Minos tugged up Katie's skirt by the hem and tucked it out of the way, the furious secretary raised a hand. "There's nothing else for it. I'll just have to spank you for the entire ride home, just to keep your bottom toasty for the Head Tormentor."

Katie stammered as she looked down, and knew what was about to happen, but could do nothing to stop it. Minos began spanking Katie again, working hard to slap every square inch of Katie's granny panties with her tiny palm.

After only ten slaps, Katie started howling, before the buttons on her blouse burst, but Mrs. Minos only carried on the spanking stoically.

A few overseas tourists blinked. "Is this some kind of performance art?"

A local Londoner shrugged. "Maybe it's a radical protest?"

The bus driver glanced in his overhead mirror. "Say, lady...could you maybe keep it down?"

Minos grumbled, then released her hold on Katie's waist, only to snatch Katie by the ear and haul her down and across her lap, into a more traditional spanking position. "No, this young lady has been a pill all day. She has had this spanking coming for a long, long time, and she's going to get it now, and for just as long."

By now, Katie was shedding fresh tears of despair, too tired to resist as Minos began to strip Katie naked. Katie was so huge, she took up a whole six seats as she lay prone across Minos's lap.

The bus driver shrugged as he saw Katie's voluminous, bare bottom filling his rearview mirror. "Well, who am I to judge?"

The bus ride back to Hell High campus went swiftly for everyone, except Katie. As they arrived at their final destination, Mrs. Minos sighed and let Katie back up. "Well, thanks to you making things difficult, you've missed most of your first day. You'll have about seven unexcused absences to make up for, in detention. But at least we'll be back in plenty of time to make the House Pledging Ceremony. I shudder to think what would happen if we missed—"

As the bus door shut behind them with a hiss, Minos suddenly remembered she had forgotten to order Katie to get redressed. Katie was oblivious, until the moment Minos shrieked and tottered

after the bus. "Wait! Come back! We need this student's uniform, or else...ah, drat. Now see what you made me do, Miss Bolker? All that trouble, and no uniform to show for it."

Katie snorted as she suddenly became fully aware of her present predicament. She struggled to speak through her clogged nose. "...gugh?"

Minos sighed. "Oh well, nothing else for it but to soldier on. At least you can't be spanked for an improper uniform infraction twice in one day. That can wait until tomorrow morning, since being buck naked is definitely a violation of dress code."

Katie strained to reach the bus as it vanished into the distance, before Mrs. Minos tugged her sharply by the ear, through the gates, and back into Hell High. After Katie made one last, valiant, but ultimately doomed attempt to escape, Mrs. Minos huffed and hauled Katie over her shoulder, delivering a sharp slap. Katie cried, like a broken child, digging her nails into the asphalt as she was dragged back onto the grounds of Hell High.

As the gates slammed shut, they revealed a steel relief of a line of young men and women, with their backsides bared and presented to horned satyrs holding birch bundles.

Above the gates were written the words: "Lasciate ogne speranza, voi ch'intrate."

The End?